FIRST PART OF K. HENRY VI. 1594.

Arch. G
e. 17

Malone 870
Add 2

Malone 870.

Arch. G. e. 17

THE

First part of the Con=

tention betwixt the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey:

And the baniſhment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of *VVincheſter*, vvith the notable Rebellion of *Iacke Cade*:

And the Duke of Yorkes firſt claime vnto the Crowne.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be ſold at his ſhop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall.
1594.

THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS Houſes of *Yorke* & *Lancaſter*, with the death of the good Duke *Humphrey*.

Enter at one doore, King Henry *the ſixt, and* Humphrey *Duke of* Gloſter, *the Duke of* Sommerſet, *the Duke of* Buckingham, *Cardinall* Bewford, *and others.*

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, *and the Marqueſſe of* Suffolke, *and Queene* Margaret, *and the Earle of* Salisbury *and* Warwicke.

Suffolke.

AS by your high imperiall Maieſties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In preſence of the Kings of *France* & *Cyſſile*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Brittaine*, and *Alonſon*.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Biſhops,
I did performe my taske and was eſpouſde,
And now, moſt humbly on my bended knees,
In ſight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellence, that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that euer Marqueſſe gaue,

The fairest Queene that euer King possest.
King. *Suffolke* arise.
Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse: Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnesse,
For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.
Queene. Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.
Kin. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene *Margaret* sit down by my side:
And vnckle *Gloster*, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.
All. Long liue Queene *Margaret*, Englands happinesse.
Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.
Humphrey. *Imprimis*, It is agreed betweene the French King *Charles*, and *William de la Poule*, Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Embassador for *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shal wed and espouse the Ladie *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyssels*, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30. of the next month.
Item. It is further agreed betwene them, that the Dutches of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall.

Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.
Humphrey.

Humph. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.
Vnckle of *Winchester*, I pray you reade on.
Cardinall. *Item*, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.
King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of *Suffolke*, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.
Thankes vnckle *VVinchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, *and Buckingham*, *Somerset*, *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.

Exet King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke Humphrey staies all the rest.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother *Henry* toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquere *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Dutches of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage cansselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.
Card. Why how now cosin *Gloster*, what needs this?

As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

Exet Duke *Humphrey*.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall exellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humphrey*.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exet Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of *Somerset* be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cosin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exet Buckingham and *Somerset*.

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,

My

My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandie*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *VVarwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no litle force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke *Humphrey* may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

VVarw. For griefe that all is lost that *VVarwick* won,
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *VVarwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King *Henry*
giues away his owne.

Salsf. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

VVar. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
Which *VVarwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slaine.

Exet Salsbury and *Warwicke*.

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*:
And vvhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crovvne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:

Nor

Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor vveare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whoſe church-like humours fits not for a Crovvne:
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a vvhile till time do ſerue,
Watch thou,and vvake vvhen others be a ſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Till *Henry* ſurfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his nevv bride,and Englands dear bought queene,
And *Humphrey* vvith the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then vvill I raiſe aloft the milke-vvhite Roſe,
With vvhoſe ſvveete ſmell the aire ſhall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To graffle vvith the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And force perforce,ile make him yeeld the Crovvne,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath puld faire England dovvne.

Exet Yorke.

Enter Duke *Humphrey*,and Dame *Ellanor*, *Cobham* his vvife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plentious loade,
What ſeeſt thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crovvne?
Reach at it,and if thine arme be too ſhort,
Mine ſhall lengthen it.Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King,and his Protector?
Then vvhat ſhouldſt thou lacke that might content thy minde.

Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treaſons gainſt my ſoueraigne Lord,
But I vvas troubled vvith a dreame to night,
And God I pray,it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What drempt my Lord.Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it,and vvhen thats done,
Ile tell thee then,vvhat I did dreame to night.

Humphrey. This night vvhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreampt that this

This my ſtaffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two,and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *VVinchester*,
And *VVilliam de la Poule* firſt Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tuſh my Lord,this ſignifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a ſticke of *Gloſters* groue,
Shall for th'offence,make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Weſtminſter,and ſeated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde,and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to ſet it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie *Nell*.Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not ſecond woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treaſon thus,
Away I ſay,and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord.What angry with your *Nell*,
For telling but her dreame.The next I haue
Ile keepe to my ſelfe,and not be rated thus.

Humphrey. Nay *Nell*,Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no ſuch things.

Enters a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. And it pleaſe your grace,the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your company along with them.

Humphrey. With all my heart,I will attend his grace:
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am ſure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you,for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long,Ile go before them all,
Deſpight of all that ſeeke to croſſe me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter sir *John Hum*.

What sir *John Hum*, what newes with you?

Sir John. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

Ser John. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordaine*, the cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbrooke* and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir John. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good sir *John*. Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

Exet Elnor.

Sir John. Now sir *John Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke*.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir *John*, no more of that I trow,

For

For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exet.

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the Armourers man.

1. *Peti*. Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Peti*. I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues him their writings.

1. *Peti*. Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Peti*. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?

2. *Peti*. Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th'are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.

Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the *King* was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day

when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorks* Armour in our garret.

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Pursuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?
A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene,
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.

I tell

I tell thee *Poull*, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of *France*.

Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a litle while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerset* on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *Winchester*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *York*, or *Somerset*, alls wonne to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let *Somerset* enioy his place and go to *France*.

Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whom soeuer you account worthie,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Pease *Warwicke*. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

War. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset* were Regent ouer *France*.

Humphrey. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,
To giue his answere without your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, what needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.

Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it pleaſe his grace, I will reſigne my charge.
Suffolke. Reſigne it then, for ſince that thou waſt King,
As who is King but thee. The common ſtate
Doth as we ſee, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treaſure hath bene ſpent,
And as for the Regentſhip of *France*,
I ſay *Somerſet* is more worthie then *Yorke*.
Yorke. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,
Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.
War. And yet the worthie deeds that *York* hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.
Suffolke. Peace headſtrong *Warwicke*.
War. Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I peace?
Suffolke. Becauſe here is a man accuſde of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himſelfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.
Enter the Armourer and his man.
If it pleaſe your grace, this fellow here, hath accuſed his maiſter of high Treaſon, And his words were theſe.
That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vſurper.
Yorke. I beſeech your grace let him haue what puniſhment the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hether fellow, didſt thou ſpeake theſe words?
Armour. Ant ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſaid any ſuch matter, God is my witneſſe, I am falſly accuſed by this villain (here.
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did ſay ſo.
Yorke. I beſeech your grace, let him haue the lavv.
Armour. Alaſſe my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the vvords, my accuſer is my prentiſe, & vvhen I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vovv vpon his knees that he vvould be euen vvith me, I haue good vvitneſſe of this, and therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie do not caſt avvay an honeſt man for a villaines accuſation.
King. Vncle *Gloſter*, vvhat do you thinke of this?
Humphrey.

Humphrey. The lavv my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
Which ſhall be on the thirtith of this month,
With *Eben* ſtaues, and *Standbags* combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maieſtie.
Exet Humphrey.
Armour. And I accept the Combat vvillingly.
Peter. Alaſſe my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suffolke. You muſt either fight ſirra or elſe be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exet* vvith them.

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of *Gloſter*, a boxe on the eare.
Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not ſee?
She ſtrikes her.
I cry you mercy Madame, I did miſtake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.
Elnor. Did you not proud French-vvoman,
Could *I* come neare your daintie viſſage vvith my nayles,
*I*de ſet my ten commandments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It vvas againſt her vvill.
Elnor. Againſt her vvill. Good King ſheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it reſt. As ſure as *I* do liue,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.
Exet Elnor.
King. Beleeue me my loue, thou vvart much to blame,
I vvould not for a thouſand pounds of gold,
My noble vncle had bene here in place.
Enter Duke *Humphrey.*
But ſee vvhere he comes, *I* am glad he met her not.
Vncle *Gloſter*, vvhat anſvvere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,
Whom thinks your grace is meeteſt for to ſend.
Humphrey.

Humphrey. My gratious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of *Yorke*,
Let *Somerset* be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of *Somerset*.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of *France*.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

Somerset. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to *France*.

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vnckle *Gloster*, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day. *Exet omnes.*

Enter *Elnor*, with sir *Iohn Hum*, *Koger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer, and *Margery Iourdaine* a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullen-

Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sosetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.

Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise *Iordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exet Elnor aboue.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exet with them.

Buckin. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King, Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.

Exet Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exet.

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the *Cardinall*, as if they came from hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as *I* cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

Humphrey.

Humphrey. As how, my Lord?

Suffolke. As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Humphrey. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.

Humphrey. Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

Card. *I* am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Humph. In Bastardie.

Cardin. I scorne thy words.

Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and buckler.

Humphrey. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

Cardinall. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.

King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,

For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.
Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?
Poore man. At *Barwicke* sir, in the North.
Humph. At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.
Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.
Humphrey. What art thou lame too?
Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.
Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?
Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.
Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?
Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.
Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?
Poore man. I truly sir.
Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.
Humphrey. What art thou his mother?
VVoman. His wife sir.
Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.
Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?
Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.
Humphrey. And his cloake?
Poore man. Why thats greene.
Humphrey. And what colours his hose?
Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?
Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.
Suffolke. And yet *I* thinke Ieat did he neuer see.
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a (one.
But tell me sirrha, whats my name?
Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.
Humphrey. Whats his name?
Poore man. *I* know not.
Humphrey. Nor his?

Poore man. No truly sir.
Humphrey Nor his name?
Poore man No indeed maister.
Humphrey Whats thine owne name?
Poore man. *Sander*, and it please you maister.
Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.
Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.
Humph. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight,
Exet one.
Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.
Enter Beadle.
Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Humph. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.
Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.
Poore man. Alas maister what shall *I* do, I am not able to stand.
After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.
Hump. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. *Exet* Mayor.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.
Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole
Dukedomes flie in a day.
Witnesse *France*.
King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.
Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*.
What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?
Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By vvichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.
King. First of the King, what shall become of him?
Reads. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end.
Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.
King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Card. Heres good stuffe, how novv my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.
Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,
For here I svveare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious vvife hath falsly done,
And for she vvould betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,

And

And leaue her open for the lavv to iudge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords this night vveele lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrovv vve vvill ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along vvith vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crovvne by liniall desent.
VVar. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first vvas Edvvard the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second vvas Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March,
The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore vvas the seuenth and last.
Novv, Edvvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left behinde him Richard, that aftervvards vvas King, Crovvnde by the name of Richard the second, and he died vvithout an heire.
Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvvo daughters, Anne and Elinor.
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crovvne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke

of

of Clarence, the third ſonne to Edward the third. Now ſir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, ſonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanſter fourth ſonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, depoſde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Caſtle harmeleſſe Richard was ſhamefully murthered, and ſo by Richards death came the houſe of Lancaſter vnto the Crowne.

Salſ. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But ſo it fortuned then, by meanes of that monſtrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and ſo euer ſince the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue poſſeſſed the Crowne: But if the iſſue of the elder ſhould ſucceed before the iſſue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

VVarwicke. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth ſonne. So that till Lyonels iſſue failes, his ſhould not raigne. It failes not yet, but floriſheth in thee & in thy ſons, braue ſlips of ſuch a ſtock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the firſt to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this ſword be ſheathed euen in the hart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.

VVar. Then Yorke aduiſe thy ſelfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and ſet thy ſtandard vp,
And in the ſame aduance the milke-white Roſe,
And then to gard it, will I rouſe the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thouſand Ragged-ſtaues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudeſt Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde preſageth I ſhall liue
To ſee the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to ſee,
The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greateſt man in England,
but

but the King. Come lets goe.

Exet omnes.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the *Cardinall*, and Dame *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

King. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloſter, and here the ſentence pronounced againſt thee for theſe Treaſons, that thou haſt committed gainſt vs, our States and Peeres.

Firſt for thy hainous crimes, thou ſhalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the ſtreetes, with a white ſheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou ſhalt be baniſhed for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and this is our ſentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exet ſome with *Elnor.*

King. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that theſe Treaſons thus are come to light,
Leaſt God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldſt ſo deare.

Humph. Oh gratious *Henry*, giue me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
For ſorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to ſwell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you pleaſe,
Yet ere thou goeſt, *Humphrey* reſigne thy ſtaffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord ſhall be my guide both for my land and me.

Humph. My ſtaffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My ſtaffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erſt thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne.
King. Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land. *Exet Gloſter.*
Queene. Take vp the ſtaffe, for here it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?
Yorke. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth pleaſe.
King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſand-bag faſtened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and ſand-bagge, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of
And feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well inough. (Sacke.
2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.
3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.
Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.
1. *Prentiſe.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.
3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maiſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.
Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou ſhalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maiſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence alreadie.
Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?
Petter. Peter forſooth.
Salbury. Peter, what more? *Peter.*

Peter. Thumpe.
Salsbury. Thumpe, then ſee that thou thumpe thy maiſter.
Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, and Peter a knaue, and ſo haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.
Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.
Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.
Armou. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, Treaſon, treaſon. (He dies.
Peter. O God I giue thee praiſe. He kneeles downe.
Pren. Ho well done Peter. God ſaue the King.
King. Go take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exet omnis.*

Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph Sirrha, whats a clocke?
Seruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandring in the ſtreetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That earſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in tryumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verſes written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir *Iohn Standly*, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gratious Lord, ſee where my Lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues ſtir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they ſhould.
Elnor. Come you my Lord to ſee my open ſhame?
Ah Gloſter, now thou doeſt penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their ſights,
And in thy pent vp ſtudie rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah Nell, ſweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And beare it patiently to eaſe thy heart.
Elnor. Ah Gloſter teach me to forget my ſelfe,
For whilſt I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthleſſe flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I ſtart the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduiſed how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in ſhame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloſter, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile ſay I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But ſo he rulde, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I his forelorne Duches
Was led with ſhame, and made a laughing ſtocke,
To euery idle raſcald follower.
Humphrey. My louely Nell, what wouldſt thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to reſcue thee from hence,
I ſhould incurre the danger of the law,
And thy diſgrace would not be ſhadowed ſo.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and ſtir not at my diſgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As ſhortly ſure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him ſo, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lymde buſhes to betraie thy wings,

And

And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I ſummon your Grace, vnto his highneſſe Parlament holden at ſaint Edmunds-Bury, the firſt of the next month.
Humphrey. A Parlament and our conſent neuer craude
Therein before. This is ſodeine.
Well, we will be there.

Exet. Herald.

Maiſter Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my Lady, then the courſe of law extendes.

Sheriffe. Pleaſe it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I muſt deliuer her to ſir Iohn *Standly*,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
Humphrey. Muſt you ſir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?
Standly. *I* my gratious Lord, for ſo it is decreede,
And *I* am ſo commanded by the King.
Humph. *I* pray you ſir Iohn, vſe her neare the worſe,
In that *I* intreat you to vſe her well.
The world may ſmile againe and I may liue,
To do you fauour if you do it her,
And ſo ſir Iohn farewell.
Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farwell.
Humph. Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exet Humphrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Cloſter gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forſake me too?
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haſte away.
Standly. Madam lets go vnto ſome houſe hereby,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.
Elnor. Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with caſting off my ſheete:
But come let vs go, maiſter Sheriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

Exet omnes.

Enter to the Parlament.
Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the

Duke

Duke of *Suffolke*, and then the Duke of *Yorke*, and the *Cardinall* of *VVincheſter*, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of *Salisbury*, and the Earle of *VVarwicke*.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloſter ſtaies ſo long.
Queene. Can you not ſee, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Ieſus preſerue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloſter is no litle man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my Alligations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
Suffol. Well hath your grace foreſeen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenſt firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.
No, no, my ſoueraigne, Gloſter is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of *Somerſet*.

King. Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is loſt.

King.

King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerſet,
But Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke *Humphrey*.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue ſtaid ſo long.
Suffol. Nay, Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high treaſon here.
Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accuſers?
York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their paie,
By which his Maieſtie hath loſt all France.
Humph. Is it but thought ſo, and who are they that thinke ſo?
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England ſtill,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the ſoldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper coſt
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,
Becauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorſhip you did deuiſe
Strange torments for offendors, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.
Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilſt I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers ſilly paſſengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.
Suffolk. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
King. Good vnkle obey to his arreſt,

I haue

I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Hump. Ah gratious Henry theſe daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtaie their moodes for good King Henries ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords fiſie eyes ſhowes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whoſe ouerweening arme *I* haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gratious Lady and ſoueraigne miſtreſſe,
Cauſeleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes inough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke. Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignomious wrong,
Had ſobornde or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
Queene. I but I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Humph. Far truer ſpoke then ment, I looſe indeed,
Beſhrovv the vvinners hearts, they plaie me falſe.
Buck. Hele vvreſt the ſence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent avvay.
Car. Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And ſee him garded ſure vvithin my houſe.
Humph. O! thus King Henry caſts avvay his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his vvatchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt vvolues ſtand ſnarring vvho ſhall bite him firſt.
Farvvell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exet Humphrey, vvith the *Cardinals* men.
King. My Lords what to your vviſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt,

Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were here.
Queen. What wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.
Exet King, Salsbury, and *VVarwicke.*
Queene. Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerſet.
Let vs conſult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafetie of our King and Common-wealth.
Suffolke. And ſo thinke *I* Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Leaſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in Armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Queene. How now ſirrha, what newes?
Meſſen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale.
Queene. What redreſſe ſhal we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerſet
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they goe.

To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue loſt as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue loſt his life before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I ſo thou might'ſt, and yet haue gouernd worſe then I.
York. What worſe then nought, then a ſhame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.
Queene. Somerſet forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Iriſh that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame ſith your grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bands of choſen ſoldiers,
And Yorke ſhall trie his fortune againſt thoſe kernes.
Queene. Yorke thou ſhalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſouldiers
As ſhall ſuffiſe him in theſe needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leauie ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Iriſh Rebels,
But Yorke, where ſhall thoſe ſoldiers ſtaie for thee?
Yorke. At Briſtow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.
Buc. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farewell.
Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do,
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Twere good that you did ſee to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.
Exet omnis, Manit Yorke.

York. Now York bethink thy ſelf and rouſe thee vp,
Take time whilſt it is offered thee ſo faire,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilſt I am buſie in Ireland,
I haue ſeduſte a headſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of Aſhford,

Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
To raiſe commotion, and by that meanes
I ſhall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and houſe of Yorke,
Then if he haue ſucceſſe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,
Now if he ſhould be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confeſſe that I did ſet him on,
And therefore ere I go ile ſend him word,
To put in practiſe and to gather head,
That ſo ſoone as I am gone he may begin
To riſe in Armes with troupes of country ſwaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterpriſe.
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.
Exet Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is diſcouered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suffolk. How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?
One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.
Suffolke. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmooth about him ſtill,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. All things is hanſome now my Lord.
Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.
Exet murtherers.

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Duke of *Somerſet*, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himſelfe.
Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exet Suffolke.*

King. And good my Lords proceed no further againſt our vnkle (Gloſter,

Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme,
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our ſtate.

Enter *Suffolke*.

How now Suffolke,where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed,my Lord Gloſter is dead.

The King falles in a ſound.

Queen. Ay-me,the King is dead:help,help,my Lords.

Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gratious Henry comfort.

Kin. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can ſatisfie my griefes,or eaſe my heart:
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits,
Yet do not goe.Come Baſaliske
And kill the ſilly gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too,you know were enemies,
And you had beſt ſay that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me,for wretched Gloſters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,
What doeſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,
And thriſe by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,
What might it bode,but that well foretelling
Winds,ſaid,ſeeke not a ſcorpions neaſt.

Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury*.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe,caring not whom they ſting,
For good Duke Humphreys death,whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick,is too true,
But how he died God knowes,not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good

Good father ſtaie you with the rude multitude,till I returne.

Salb. I will ſonne. *Exet Salbury.*

VVarwicke drawes the curtaines and ſhowes Duke *Humphrey* in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloſter,heauen receiue thy ſoule.
Farewell poore Henries ioy,now thou art gone.

VVar. Now by his ſoule that tooke our ſhape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curſe,
I am reſolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thriſe famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oth ſworne with a ſolemne toong,
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for theſe words?

VVar. Oft haue I ſeene a timely parted ghoſt,
Of aſhie ſemblance,pale and bloodleſſe,
But loe the blood is ſetled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and ſterne,
His fingers ſpred abroad as one that graſpt for life,
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſde,the leaſt of theſe are probable,
It cannot chuſe but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they *I* truſt ſir,are no murtherers.

VVar. I,but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well ſeene he found ſome enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then theſe?

VVar. Who ſees a hefer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neaſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte ſoare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragidie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford,where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher,where's his knife?

Suffolke. I weare no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But heres a vengefull ſword ruſted with caſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rankorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers crimſon badge,

Say

Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

Exet Cardinall.

VVar. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?
Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.
VVar. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.
Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
VVar. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.
VVar. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exet Warwicke and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolk*. And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVarwicke*, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.

Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.
Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of *Salsbury*.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exet Salisbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.
King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exet King and *VVarwicke*, *Manet* Queene and *Suffolke*.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,

Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?
Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould *I* curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twiſe ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leaue faſt enuy in her loathſome caue,
My toong ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should *I* not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of ſypris trees.
Their ſofteſt tuch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hys.
And boding ſcrike-oules make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell. (ſelfe.
Queene. Inough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy
Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ſeaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt vvithin this vvorldes globe,
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhall finde thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtaie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Avvay, I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing vvhilſt thou ſtandeſt here.
Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, but three times thriſe by thee.
Ente *Vawſe.*

Queene.

Queene. Hovv novv, vvhither goes Vavvſe ſo faſt?
Vawſe. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſtie,
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghoſt,
And vvhiſpers to his pillovv as to him,
And ſometime he calles to ſpeake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen novv he cald aloude for him.
Queene. Go then good Vavvſe and certifie the King.
Exet Vawſe.
Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men muſt die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende.
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhilſt thou art here?
Sveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou ſure muſt die.
Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it elſe, but like a pleaſant ſlumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my ſoule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,
That dies vvith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,
Where from thy ſight I ſhould be raging madde,
And call for thee to cloſe mine eyes,
Or vvith thy lips to ſtop my dying ſoule,
That *I* might breathe it ſo into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in ſvveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieaſt,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me ſtaie, befall, vvhat may befall.
Queen. Oh mightſt thou ſtaie vvith ſafetie of thy life,
Then ſhouldſt thou ſtaie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.
Suff. I goe.
Queene. And take my heart vvith thee.
She kiſſeth him.
Suff. A ievvell lockt into the vvofulſt caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of vvoorth,

Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.
This way fall I to death. *Exet Suffolke.*
Queene. This way for me. *Exet Queene.*

Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.
King. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.
Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me,
Oh see where duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.
The Cardinall dies.
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgiue his soule.
Salb. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
Exet omnes.

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.
This

This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.
Suffolke. Water! He starteth.
Water. How now, what doest feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.
VVater. Gualter or Water, als one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.
VVater. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?
Mai. A hundreth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.
2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.
VVater. Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome
I will haue.
Suff. Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.
Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.
Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?
Cap. I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.
Suf. Base ladie groome, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.
Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.
Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes Poull.

Suffolke. Poull.

Cap. I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildst te at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

Cap. Away with him Water, I say, and off with his hed.

1. *Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

Suffolke. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade
To such a Iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

Suffolk. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

Exet Suffolke, and VVater.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets goe. *Exet omnes.*

Enter

Enter two of the Rebels with long staues.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nick. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter *Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, VVill, Tom, Harry* and the rest, with long staues.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

VVill. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seene him whipt two market daies togither.

Cade.

Cade. I feare neither ſword nor fire.

Will. He need not feare the ſword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he ſhould feare the fire, being ſo often burnt in the hand, for ſtealing of ſheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you ſhall haue ſeuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and it ſhall be felony to drinke ſmall beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God ſaue your maieſtie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you ſhall all eate and drinke of my ſcore, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the ſcore & the Tally, and there ſhalbe no lawes but ſuch as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We ſhall haue ſore lawes then, for he was thruſt into the mouth the other day.

George. I and ſtinking law too, for his breath ſtinks ſo, that one cannot abide it.

Enter *Will* with the Clarke of *Chattam.*

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whoſe that Will?

Will. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and caſt account, I tooke him ſetting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.
Now ſir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell ſir, and it ſhall pleaſe you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vſe to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vſe to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vſe the ſcore and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true ſir, I praiſe God I haue bene ſo well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confeſt, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. *Exet* one with the Clarke.

Enter *Tom.*

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, ſir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my ſelfe knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Riſe vp ſir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

He Knights *Dicke Butcher.*

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Riſe vp ſir Dicke Butcher.
Now ſound vp the Drumme.

Enter ſir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with Drumme and ſouldiers.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaues I paſſe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I ſpeake.

Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Stafford. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Stafford. Well, thats true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Stafford. Thats falſe.

Cade. I, but I ſay, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifie.

Cade. But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes plaide at ſpanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee ſhall be King as long

as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Stafford. O monſtrous ſimplicitie.

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and ſelling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Stafford. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect?
Anſwere me to that.

Stafford. Well ſirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maieſtie.

Exet Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come ſirs, ſaint George for vs and Kent.

Exet omnes.

Alarums to the battaile, and ſir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlaine. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and the reſt.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haſt fought to day moſt valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadſt bin in thy ſlaughter houſe. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent ſhall be as long againe as it was. Thou ſhalt haue licence to kil for foure ſcore & one a week. Drumme ſtrike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to ſit in the Kings ſeate at Weſtminſter.

Exet omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet ſtaie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſolemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam, ſtill lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldſt not haue mournde ſo much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I ſhould not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almoſt wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vſurper,
And that monſtrous Rebell Cade, hath ſworne
To Crowne himſelfe King in Weſtminſter,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poſte to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haſte to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord ſhall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highneſſe leaue, ile ſtaie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower walles walking.

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade ſlaine?

1. *Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can ſpare, you ſhall command,

But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exet omnes.

Enter *Iacke Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any othervvise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.

Dicke. My Lord, theirs an Army gathered togither
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne dovvne the Tovver too.
Come lets avvay. *Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* again, and his company.

Cade. So, sirs novv go some and pull dovvn the *Sauoy*,
Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that vvord.

Dicke. That vve may go burne all the Records,
And that all vvriting may be put dovvne,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and hencefor vvard all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter *George.*

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?
And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kept men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.
And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou rydest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

Will. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'ſt place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, I loſt not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doeſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

Say. It is the palſie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodſt thy head, as who ſay, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getſt away, but ile make the ſure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the ſtanderd in Cheapeſide and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to ſir Iames Cromer his ſonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. (Away with him.

Exet one or two, with the Lord *Say*.

There ſhall not a noble man weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there ſhal not a mayd be married, but he ſhal fee to me for her.
Maydenhead or elſe, ile haue it my ſelfe,
Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues ſhalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can (tell,

Enter *Robin*.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingſgate, and fetche pitch and ſtaxe and ſquench it.

Enter *Dicke* and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iuſtice, iuſtice, I pray you ſir, let me haue iuſtice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alaſſe ſir he has rauiſht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue reſted me,
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper houſe.

Cade. Dicke follow thy ſute in her common place,
You horſon villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And reſt a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to priſon ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,

Hough

Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and ſir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kiſſe togither.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the Earle of *Comberland*.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muſter thus your ſelues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your ſoueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haſte to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forſake *Cade*.

Cade. Why how now, will you forſake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your neckes vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to *Cade* againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but ſpeak a word,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you,
To Winſore Caſtle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this raſcall company

Blowe

Blowne euery way,
But that they may ſee there want no valiancy in me,
My ſtaffe ſhall make way through the midſt of you,
And ſo a poxe take you all.
He runs through them with his ſtaffe, and flies away.
Bue. Go ſome and make after him, and proclaime,
That thoſe that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exet omnes.*

Enter King *Henry* and the Queene, and *Somerſet*.
King. Lord Somerſet, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?
Som. This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almoſt ſackt.
King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, ſo muſt it be:
And be it as he pleaſe, to ſtop the pride of thoſe rebellious men.
Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene ſuppreſt ere this,
And all the reſt that do take part with him.
Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.
Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, theſe Rebels are ſubdude,
And offer their liues before your highneſſe feete.
King. But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.
Cliff. No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are ſent forth, that he that can but bring his head, ſhall haue a thouſand crownes. But may it pleaſe your Maieſtie, to pardon theſe their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus miſled.
King. Stand vp you ſimple men, and giue God praiſe,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as ſubiects, and you ſhall not want,
Whilſt Henry liues, and weares the Engliſh Crowne.
All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.
King. Come let vs haſt to London now with ſpeed,
That ſolemne proceſſions may be ſung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. (*Exet omnes.*

Enter

Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maiſter *Alexander Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.
Eyden. Good Lord how pleaſant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde ſerues me as well,
As all the pleaſures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleaſure for the Court.
Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the ſoyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thouſand crownes for my head, but ere thou goeſt, ile make thee eate yron like an Aſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pinne.
Eyden. Why ſawcy companion, why ſhould I betray thee?
Iſt not inough that thou haſt broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.
Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beſt blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.
Eyden. Nay, it neuer ſhall be ſaide whilſt the world doth ſtand, that Alexander Eyden an Eſquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famiſht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and ſtand you all aſide.
Cade. Now ſword, if thou doeſt not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beſeech God thou maiſt fal into ſome ſmiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.
Eyden. Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.
Cade. Oh villaine, thou haſt ſlaine the flowre of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thouſand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and ſo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt die. (He dies.
Eyden. Iack Cade, & was it that monſtrous Rebell which I haue ſlaine. Oh ſword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber ſhalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword cut off his head, and [illegible]

(Exet.

Enter

Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and ſouldiers.

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

But ſoft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee ſo.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſvveare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Meſſenger?

Buc. I come as a Meſſenger from our dread Lord and ſoueraign,
Henry. To knovv the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approach ſo neare vvith colours ſpred,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A ſubiect as he is.
Oh hovv I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who novv in Armes expect their fathers ſight,
And not farre hence I knovv they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I anſvvearde not at firſt, my mind vvas troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud *Somerſet* from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the Tovvnes in France.

Buc. Why that vvas preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no othervviſe but ſo,
The King doth pardon thee, and granſt to thy requeſt,
And *Somerſet* is ſent vnto the Tovver.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I here diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrovv in ſaint Georges fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your paie of me.
Exet ſouldiers.

Buc. Come York, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

Enter

Enter King *Henry.*

King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath diſchargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of *Somerſet* from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

King. Then vvelcome couſin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traitorous Iriſh that rebeld.

Enter maiſter *Eyden* vvith *Iacke Cades* head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here preſent the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.

King. Firſt thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that vvicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life,
Did vvorke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrovves in his frovvning brovv,
Preſageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.
Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhats thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your grace,
A poore Eſquire of *Kent.*

King. Then riſe vp ſir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme revvard that vvas proclaimde,
For thoſe that could performe this vvorthie act,
And thou ſhalt vvaight vpon the perſon of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my king. (*Exet.*

Enter the Queene vvith the Duke of *Somerſet.*

King. O Buckingham ſee vvhere *Somerſet* comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.
Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.
Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,
And send thee there in dispight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.
Enter the Duke of *Yorkes* sonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*, and speakes.
Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.
Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
King. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?
Queene. He is arested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

Richard.

Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.
Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salsbury* and *Warwicke*, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and souldiers.
Cliff. Are these thy beares? weele bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant *Beare* chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the *Beare*-ward that protects him so.
Yoong Clif. And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Richard. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

Exet omnes.

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerset* and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in saint *Albones*.
Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,

For Somerſet was forewarned of Caſtles,
The which he alwaies did obſerue.
And now behold,vnder a paltry Ale-houſe ſigne,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albones,
Somerſet hath made the Wiſſard famous by his death.

Exet.

Alarme again,and enter the Earle of *Warwicke* alone.

VVar. Clifford of Comberland,tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doeſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilſt the angry Trompets ſound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I ſay,come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord,Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford ſpeakes within.

Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelaxe , through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.
Warwicke ſtand ſtill,and ſtir not till I come.

Enter *Yorke*.

VVar. How now my Lord,what a foote?
Who kild your horſe?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford.Noble Lord,
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horſe he lou'd ſo well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter *Clifford*,and *Warwicke* offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke,and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this deare to death.
VVar. Braue Lord,tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell,as I entend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſaild.

Exet VVarwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford,ſince we are ſingled here alone,

Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee,and all the houſe of Lancaſter.
Cliffood. And here I ſtand,and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir,till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoyld the hatefull houſe of Yorke.

Alarmes,and they fight,and *Yorke* kils *Clifford*.

Yorke. Now Lancaſter ſit ſure,thy ſinowes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

Exet Yorke.

Alarmes,then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.

Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I ſeeke my aged father forth?
O! diſmall ſight,ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah,aged pillar of all Comberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoaſt I ſweare,
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of Yorke,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old Ankyſes ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloodie Greeks,
Euen ſo will I.But ſtaie,heres one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

Enter *Richard*,and then *Clifford* laies downe his father, fights with him,and *Richard* flies away againe.

Out crooktbacke villaine,get thee from my ſight,
But I will after thee,and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

Exet yoong *Clifford* with his father.

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Avvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.
King. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,
And sommon a Parlament vvith speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.
Exet King and Queene.

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of *Yorke* and *Richard.*

Yorke. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long vve lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter *Salsbbury* and *Warwicke.*

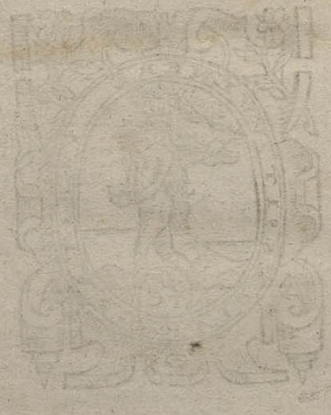
Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Salf. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.
Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.

What

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.
Exet omnes.

FINIS.

LONDON.
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall.
1594.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his Shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

Collated 22 March 1887 and found to consist of A–H in fours